

# Surrender unto the Night

by CrazyBirdMan59

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Summary: A story about a regular ODST who falls in love with a Kig-yar. Contains made up characters, none from the game. WARNING: Contains graphic (or so I like to think) sex scenes with human/Kig-yar action. May disturb some people.

## 1. Chapter 1 Midnight Encounters

Halo: Surrender unto the Night

Authors Note: This is my first short story so please, no hating. I have read a lot of lemon-containing stories, and authors have said it is harder to have a male human on female alien, so I decided to write a few of those. Also, I have not found many Kig-yar and human relationship stories, so I started with one of those. This will contain lemons and Kig-yar on human sex. You have been warned.\_

### Chapter 1

John forced his eyes open. He groaned as the annoying beeping of the emergency indicator filled his head. Red lights flashed throughout his ODST pod. He fumbled with the three hatch release switches and eventually the pod's cover flew off into the night. John undid the straps holding him against his less-than-comfortable chair. He grunted as he yanked his assault rifle from its place by his side. John dropped the two metres to the ground and ended with a roll. He surveyed his surroundings. Not even the combined power of the planet's twin moons could penetrate the midnight darkness. Most of the large industrial buildings the city contained were crumbling or reduced to rubble. Scattered throughout this godforsaken place were the rest of his team. John quickly checked over his equipment. His black ODST armour with turquoise details had been polished recently, not a scratch marked its surface. John retrieved his silenced magnum from its hip holster. In good working order and four spare clips. John returned the magnum and studied his assault rifle. Shit. He thought. I forgot to get ammo. John didn't know how he could have

forgotten, and he was pretty pissed at himself for it, but it looked as though he would be relying on his magnum. John silently cursed himself again, then set off to search for his squad.

High above the cracked streets, moving with silent ease from building to crumbling building, a lone jackal tracked the movements of an equally lone ODS. The Kig-yar cocked its beam rifle but did not fire. This human would live. For now.

John swore and ducked behind a long abandoned dumpster. A pack of five grunts trotted by. If only Shaun could see me now. He scowled. Hiding from a bunch of grunts. Though grunts weren't John's only problem. Firing now could alert nearby Elites or Brutes. Then he would be screwed. John let out his breath as the grunts passed him by, unawares. John moved on.

The Jackal watched with interest as the human hid from a group of grunts. The Jackal could have radioed them and alerted them to the human's presence, but the Jackal had other plans for him. So the lone Covie watched the human sneak off. Patience was one of this creature's strong points.

John ducked into a nearby doorway. He hated all this covertness, but with only one clip in his assault rifle, he couldn't risk a firefight. Little did he know his efforts were in vain. The lone Jackal had been tailing him for over three hours now. And it wasn't about to stop. John moved on. The Jackal shadowed him. John stumbled. He looked down at the marine helmet he'd just sent rolling across the ground. He shuddered at the thought of dying here, all alone. Just then two brutes rounded the corner ahead of him. John stared dumbly at the giant monsters looming ahead of him. The brutes stared back. One of them raised its spiker and levelled it with John's head. John took the hint and dived aside just as the lethal metal spikes burst from the Brute's gun. By now, the other Brute had produced a Brute shot and John had whipped up his assault rifle. He held the trigger down as tight as he could and was rewarded with the sound of the gun coming to life. The Brute with the Spiker's shield crackled out of existence and the remnants of John's clip sunk into the Brute's chest. John quickly threw the empty gun aside and drew his magnum as he rolled to avoid a grenade that had emerged from the brute shot. John hammered the trigger of his magnum. The Brute stumbled back as his shield was depleted. Three bullets later, the magnum clicked empty. Not allowing the Brute to recover, John shoulder charged the Brute and knocked him down. Before the disoriented Brute could so much as look at him, John snatched up the spiker from the ground and rammed it into the beast's chest. The Brute flailed for a bit, weapon still in hand, before going limp and dying. John collapsed onto the ground next to the corpse. Once John's breathing had returned to normal, he stood up. Searing pain flared up his left side as he attempted to do so. Gasping in surprise, John realised the Brute must have cut him with its brute shot's blade. John gritted his teeth against the pain, then got to his feet. He checked his wound and instantly regretted it. Scarlet blood stained his armor where a deep gash ran down his side. John closed his eyes against the nausea and limped away before any more Covenant showed up.

The Jackal watched with interest as the human effectively dispatched the first Brute. It got confused when, instead of reloading, the human tossed his weapon aside and drew a smaller, less effective one. The Jackal slung its beam rifle over its shoulder. It moved calmly

to match the injured human's slow pace.

John checked, double checked, and finally triple checked his surroundings and radar for nearby enemies. After none presented themselves, he moved into a dead-end alleyway. He leaned his back against the wall at the end and slowly slid down into a sitting position. His wound was starting to take it's toll. I'll just rest for a second. John decided. Just... One...

John's eyes closed.

He fell asleep.

## 2. Chapter 2 Fall of the ODS

\_Authors Note: Second chapter here. No lemons (unless kissing counts as lemon?). Plenty of interaction. Small fight scene. Enjoy. And remember: NO HATING.\_

### Chapter 2

Something was softly rubbing against John's cheek. The surface making contact was slightly rough and leathery, but he still enjoyed it's slow stroking feel against his face...

His face? John woke with a start and literally yelped when he saw a Jackal, a Kig-yar, sitting by him, it's face inches from John's own, and it was using it's finger to softly caress John's cheek. John's confusion was overwhelmed by his fear and he looked around for the Elites or Brutes that would surely be laughing at the Jackal's antics. The Jackal had stopped stroking John when he had cried out, and it was now looking at him curiously. John could only return the stare. The Jackal then moved closer so it was now actually sitting on John's lap. It then muzzled John's chin with it's beak. John stared at the creature with a mix of emotions: confusion, horror, fear, and worst of all, arousal. It was now John noticed the way the Jackal's hips curved, how it's face slanted slightly, and how it's armor jutted out slightly at the chest. It was a female. And the damned thing was turned on by him!

The Jackal muzzled the human's chin again. For good measure, she licked his neck. She had been rejected by her kind and any male she tried to get into a relationship with abandoned her. Failing as a wife, she joined the Covenant's military in the hopes of impressing males with her combat skills. That inevitably failed. Seeing nothing else to do, she continued her military service until she was put on guard duty. She realised humans hated being imprisoned and that she could use that to get a mate. A human mate, but a mate. She took the next possible mission with almost guaranteed human contact. When she found a prime target she pursued it until she came here. She purred softly and gave the human a mischievous look.

Oh God. John panicked silently. The Jackal had its - her - arms around him now and was rubbing his neck with her beak. She was trying really hard. John was starting to feel like kissing her back, and the heat in his pants displayed this desire. John was certain she could feel it, and seconds later this proved to be true. The Jackal pulled back, her arms still around his neck and looked him in the eye. John tried to speak but his throat was dry. The Jackal murmured something

incomprehensible, but it sounded seductive as hell. The way she seemed to purr her words rather than speak them added to that effect. John couldn't stand it any longer. He flung his arms around her neck and pulled her in so he could kiss her. And man did he kiss her. He poured passion into that kiss, all of it had been building up when she had been fondling him, and now he let it all out in that one heated moment.

He came across no resistance. In fact, she kissed him back. And he loved it so much. The Jackal now realised how much she had been missing out on. Nothing beat the way the human was kissing her and she wished the moment would never end. But, as all things do, it did. The human broke the kiss and looked at her intensely. She shied under his gaze and pulled out of their embrace. The human let her slip out of his arms almost hesitantly. It seemed the human enjoyed that as much as she did. John was still staring at the alien before him. For some reason he he didn't want to let her go, but he did. Am I attracted to aliens? He wondered worriedly.

Suddenly, the Kig-Yar stood up straight, alert and aware. She looked kind of like a rabbit. And, also like a rabbit, she bolted. "No, wait!" John cried, attempting to get up. "John?" Came a familiar voice. Another ODS'T wearing similar armor to his, except where John's armor was turquoise, this soldier's armor was orange. "Shaun!" John gasped, still struggling to his feet. Shaun took off his helmet and studied him. "Where's your armor?" Shaun asked. John looked at himself. All he was wearing was the ODS'T skin suit that they wore beneath their gear. In all honesty, John didn't know where his armor was, or how the Kig-Yar managed to get it off him without waking him up. With all this, John couldn't accumulate an answer. "Umm..." He said dumbly.

Shaun grunted as he half-dragged John to the rendezvous point where the rest of the team would meet. John groaned as Shaun set him down. "Jeff has the med-pack," Shaun explained. "He should be here soon." "What about Emily?" John wheezed, still trying to stay conscious. Shaun shook his head slowly. "Her pod was empty. We found signs of a struggle, but no bodies. The only explanation is she's a POW." John grimaced at the news.

She hated this so much. The Jackal was sitting atop a half collapsed building, watching the scene below her. Just as she found a mate, that human had to come and ruin it all! She was impatient now. She run her tongue along the inside of her jaws. She could still taste his saliva, and she wanted to taste more than that. So much more. She couldn't wait. She had to take her human somewhere private. No interruptions. She levelled her beam rifle with the second human's head. Then stopped. She would wait before taking such drastic measures. She would wait five minutes.

Give or take.

John was having similar, but less violent, thoughts. He couldn't rid himself of the image of her curved body... "John!" John snapped back into reality. Jeff was standing before him. He quickly fished out his med-pack. A beam of white light sliced through the air and burned straight through his helmet. Jeff dropped, first to his knees, then onto his face. It didn't take a genius to know he was dead.

She had had enough of this. A third human had shown up, further

separating her from her prize. She prepared her beam rifle. Then it happened. The beam rifle's laser went right into the third human's head. She hadn't fired though. She used her scope to reveal a Covenant squad closing in on the remaining humans. Three Jackals, four Grunts, two Elites and two Brutes. Too much for two ODSs, one of them injured, to handle. She took action.

Shaun rapidly fired his DMR at the oncoming Covies. John was duel-wielding both soldiers' magnums and doing the best an injured soldier could do. Shaun stood a few meters forward of John to give the crippled man some protection. The magnums stopped firing and he assumed the worst, but couldn't turn around to check. Pain radiated from his chest. Shaun looked down and saw a pink needle producing from his heart. Shaun emptied his clip, then couldn't find the strength to reload as round after round was fired into him. He slipped into the void from which none return.

John kept firing his weapons, but blood loss had taken its toll. John grew wary quickly, and he hadn't hit any enemies yet. A scaly hand slipped over his mouth to muffle the scream that never came. John looked around at the owner of the hand only semi-consciously. The Kig-Yar. John felt the faint sensation of being dragged away before he gave in to the welcoming darkness that had been creeping into his vision.

The human's eyes drooped closed and for a terrible moment she thought he was dead. But then she saw the steady rise and fall of his chest. She dragged him to a quieter section of the street (he was really heavy for her small frame) where she propped him against a pile of rubble that could have once been a wall. For a while she was content with watching his steady, peaceful breathing. Then she realised he wasn't going to wake up any time soon. The female Jackal snuggled up against her human, and within seconds, she was also asleep.

### 3. Chapter 3 prisoner of War

Authors Note: In case you don't understand the start, the man's dying (or near death) so his brain isn't working 100%. A little interaction. No lemons I'm afraid. Enjoy and no hating!\_

#### Chapter 3

John awoke for the third time that night. He opened his eyes groggily, wondering if it was going to be worth it. A Jackal was snuggled up to him. He found that comforting.

Why?

John couldn't remember, and he wasn't about to either. He couldn't get his half-asleep brain to work properly. He glanced around the dark street. The sky was streaked with orange.

Dusk? His mind tried. Nah, couldn't be. What was it? Who cares? Not me, He decided. A grunt broke his train of thought. John looked at the creature at his side. Its eyes were open and staring at him sleepily. It got up and stretched (SHE got up and stretched, he corrected himself). She yawned and pointed at something purple hanging in the sky. It seemed awfully big. She motioned towards it expectantly. John realised she wanted him to answer. John nodded,

figuring if he just agreed nothing could go wrong. The Kig-Yar grinned and tugged on John's arm. John stared at her blankly. She raised her wrist to her face and made weird noises into it. She's talking. Said a more active part of John's mind. Unfortunately this was his subconscious, so all he got was a nagging feeling.

John groaned and rubbed his eyes. He surveyed his surroundings. He was in a small white-walled room. At the front, a blue energy barrier stood, distorting anything outside the room beyond recognition. At the back was a metal sheet balanced on four stilts. On this metal sheet was a large cloth. A bed. John noted, now fully aware. He was sprawled on the floor in an awkward position. Realisation struck John like a physical blow. He was a POW. John hit his head against the wall in frustration.

"FUCK!" John cried in self pity. He'd heard the stories. He knew what came next. Interrogations. Torture. Death.

After John had been sitting in that position for five minutes, he realised his hip didn't hurt anymore. He looked down to where the injury was, and saw a fresh white bandage. John raised a hand to his head, just above his right ear. There was a bulge in his skin.

"It's your translator," explained a voice from nowhere. John whipped his head around at the energy barrier. He could just make out a silhouette of some creature. Apparently the distortion was only one way.

"Great," he growled. "Not only do I have to be in a bloody alien flagship, but I have to listen to bloody monsters all day? Just great. Thanks for that."

His guard hissed, but said nothing more.

A few minutes later, his guard grunted "Food." sounding as if it hated it had to feed him. John took one look at the slop on the tray that had been pushed through the barrier, and decided he would have to be pretty desperate to eat that. Instead, John wandered over to his bed and lay down.

"How did you get here?" Said a feminine voice from the next cell. It sounded human.

"A... Umm... Well..." John couldn't decide on an answer that didn't make him look like a sick retard. Oh yeah, I made out with a Jackal and wanted to take it one step further, but it turns out it was just a trick...

You can see the problem, right?

"It's complicated," John said lamely. The prisoner next door took the lie as mistrust, and decided to stop talking to him. Fine by me. John thought angrily.

The next day.

"Food," the guard growled. It was the only thing she said to him now. John looked at the slop in disgust. His stomach growled. John groaned. He had to eat it. He picked up some slop gingerly with his fingers.

It looked like mud.

John raised it to his lips and swallowed it as quickly as he could. It tasted bland and strangely metallic. John gagged. The guard outside watched him, very much amused. John managed half the tray before he felt nausea sweep through him. There was a jug of water, from which John took a large swig. It tasted like chlorine.

The guard waited. She hated it, but she waited. Her commanding officer stalked off with the two other guards, also Brutes, to find replacements. No-one cared about the Jackal. After all, she had volunteered for this.

"John?" Came a soft voice. John thought it was the prisoner next door again, so didn't bother opening his eyes as he lay on his 'bed'.

"Yeah, what?" He asked grumpily. The barrier to John's cell fell, then sprung up again.

It's the Brutes John decided. They've come for me. Then another thought: The prisoner next door sounded concerned for me. That's nice.

"John?" Said the voice again, this time right next John's ear.

"AAAH!" John cried as he found himself face to face with a Kig-yar. The Jackal in question cringed at John's outburst.

John stared at the creature as he tried to slow his racing heart. The answer slowly dawned on him.

John cocked his head at her. She knew his name, obviously from spying on him, but...

"I never got your name," John explained.

"Hueira," she said breathlessly. She put her hand on his bed for support and rubbed the back of her neck with her other. This commonly meant: shy Jackal. Or itchy Kig-yar. John decided it was the former option.

"It's beautiful" John smiled. Hueira looked away, unsure how to reply. John raised his hand to stroke her smooth cheek softly. She closed her eyes and leaned into his touch. She purred ever so softly.

Hueira wanted him, and she wanted him now. But she remembered what happened last time. They needed somewhere private...

Hueira tapped a button on her wrist and the barrier fell. She grabbed John's hand.

#### 4. Chapter 4 Surrender unto Love

\_Authors Note: Yay! Lemons! Sorry if it's not very good, it's my first time. Please comment. I'm open to criticism, but no hating!

Enjoy!\_

## Chapter 4

John stood up. He was just a few inches taller than Hueira. She was holding his hand firmly and was leading him out of his cell. He happily obliged. She snuck him down a few corridors until they came to what John understood to be the barracks. She tapped a code into a keypad to a door in the barracks. The door slid open. They went inside. While Hueira typed things into the inner keypad, John studied the room. There was a bed that looked a lot more comfortable than John's, a desk, a cupboard a set of drawers, and some kind of Covenant computer. Hueira finished what she was doing and waltzed over to John. She trailed her fingers around John's chest in an erodic display of lust. John came to the conclusion they were in her private quarters.

"I've activated the soundproofing. There will be no interruptions this time," she purred seductively.

John didn't know what to say. Apparently there was no need for words anyway. Hueira pushed John so he fell onto her soft bed, the pounced on top of him. John knew then how horny this Kig-yar really was. It wasn't her fault. In the middle of mating season, she couldn't control her hormones. Hueira had effectively pinned John to the bed, and he couldn't help but be aroused. She muzzled him vigorously before diving into a deep, passionate kiss. John closed his eyes and accepted it.

Hueira didn't find it the slightest bit repulsive to be mating a human, in fact, because it was forbidden, it was all the more sweeter. She pulled back from the kiss and stared hungrily at the bulge in her human's pants. Her scale fingers honed in on his zipper. Before John could react, his pants had been removed. Hueira took a moment to study the hard on before her. She traced her finger along a throbbing vain, causing John to shudder in pleasure. She smirked at his reaction. She slowly rubbed her hand up and down his shaft. John tensed in anticipation. She held her beak close to his cock, her breath fanning over it in hot waves. Still gently rubbing, she gave the head a swift lick. John moaned, and was a little frightened at the thought of having those sharp teeth so close to his manhood. Hueira held the base of his shaft with both hands, then frantically licked his cock head like a cat would lick up milk. Her slightly pointed tongue felt so good against his heated flesh.

But it was nothing compared to what came next.

Without warning, Hueira engulfed his cock in her mouth. It was so warm and moist that John felt an orgasm building right there. She bobbed her head. Slowly at first, then faster and quickly building speed. John grunted and moaned, holding on for as long as he could, but eventually he came. She swallowed every drop he spurted, and licked his shaft clean afterwards. She loved the taste of his slightly salty seaman. She straightened up and looked at the depleted pole. She ran her tongue along the insides of her mouth, tasting the sticky substance that coated it. John looked very sated. Hueira smirked because she knew it was her doing. She stood and tapped some keys on her wrist-pad. Her armor split and folded in on itself, and the skin suit underneath melted away. John could only gape at her bulging breasts and erect tits.



Hueira's eyes were fixed upon John's limp pole, which sprang back up at the removal of her armor. She lowered her face down to his tip again, intent on tasting his goodness once more. John let her suck it for a bit, before he gently pushed her off. Hueira was confused but didn't resist. He pulled her onto his lap, then spun her around so her back was to him. He then lifted her smooth ass and found what he was looking for: a wet slit between her legs. He raised his face to it, whispered a simple: "My turn", then started licking her clit. She jumped and squirmed at the unfamiliar attention. John's arm snaked up her side and started to massage her breast, provoking a hot, alien moan. She loved the feeling of his moist tongue massaging her virgin clit and couldn't help moaning again. John smiled and decided it was time for the main event. He took a deep breath and plunged his tongue into her sacred tunnel. She full on squealed at this new pleasure that dwarfed all her previous sensations. Moments later she came into his waiting mouth. Her pussy juices tasted so sweet, and he made sure to lick up every last drop of the pink delight. Both were panting slightly by now after their partner's sensational oral, and John was content to lie with Hueira on his chest.

She, however, was not. She rolled over to face John, then ripped his shirt open. John gasped a bit at the sudden exposure, and the sensual massage she was giving him. John's cock lifted right back up again as Hueira sat up on his chest. She raised herself off him slightly, then grabbed his shaft and held it under her waiting slit. Hueira wasted no time in sitting on John's shaft. Both their virginities were broken as he entered her. Slowly, she moved her hips up and down atop his rigid cock. They both gasped and panted at the sheer pleasure they were receiving. Hueira increased her tempo, intensifying the love they felt. Hueira leant down and kissed her partner in the heat of the moment, their tongues wrestling for dominance. John started thrusting up into her instinctively, and they both moaned. John felt his climax approaching and pounded her mercilessly. Judging by the way she thrust back into him, she was near too. John thrust as deep as he could, and Hueira slammed down as hard as she could one final time before they came simultaneously. John's cum filled up Hueira's vagina. She loved the feeling. She used her stomach muscles to milk out every last drop he had. John shuddered at the muscle exertion he was experiencing and Hueira lay down limply on his warm chest. She snuggled down into him as close as she could, then fell asleep. John sighed. He pulled the bed sheet over them before he too, fell asleep.

End  
file.